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Theory of Everything

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THEORY OF EVERYTHING

Grandmother, croon your ruinous tenor
through the valley of the damned. Sow long furrows
for the Boot [*its laces so gruesomely*]
that broke your fishbowl, stomped your fish's
tiny lungs. On the train they're branded
chattels and given each
one greasy soap. This is television. The choir rises
to executive level and lawyers swap [*key party!*]
and bag Manhattan. This is *game show*, bang-bang, ask the dodo,
ask the noble ungulates and the large, free-roaming mammals
of North America. Ask the buffalo what they know
in their long, long bones. The slaughter
is just beginning. Draw near then, Family, behold
this prehistoric cup, its aura of beauty and devastating
wonder. Let it soothe you a Little Song of Nothing
about volcanic outgassing and accretion
from the solar nebula. We'll go to America,
where they practice chemical gelding of starlets
violated as children [*but the spirit forbears*]
and everything you believe has already been,
harvested from arcana and oracle and dream-catcher
and Tarot and corralled into blinding amphitheaters
and divined to be Not
Enough. And your fate is called.
And it is called: Rodeo.